MUGGSY MONKEYS WITH A WHIZ WAGON. WITH HIS USUAL LUCK















JINGLING JOHNSON BREAKS INTO WILD FLIGHTS OF SONG

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOONER, WAS SITTING IN THE HOLD,
HE WORE A LIVER PLASTER, BECAUSE HIS EAR WAS COLD.
'T WAS CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE, PLUM PUDDING IN THE DISH.
THE WARDEN SAID BE THANKFUL"- AND THE INMATES SHOUTED "FISH!

ARE YOU SCHMIDT, THE COMPOSER!
THIS IS JINGLING JOHNSON, THE POET
I'M HIS MANAGER!

YAH! I VASS SCHMIDT!
I WRITE ME SENTIMENTAL
MOCSIC! SO!



"SING!" THE LEADER SHOUTED - "STRIKE A MINOR CHORD!"
"DINGLE, WENT THE SIGNAL, DINGLE, ALL ABOARD!"
ALL JOIN IN THE CHORUS - "MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE,"
MUSTARD MIXED WITH WATER. CURES THE STOMACH ACHE.



A MAN SAT ON A TOMBSTONE, HIS SWEETHEART BY HIS SIDE.
HE LOVED THIS GIRLIE DEARLY, AND WOULDMAKE HER HIS BRIDE.
HIS HEART WAS OVER FLOWING, HE TOLD THE MAID HIS WISH.
HOW SAD AND UNROMANTIC - A PEDDLER SHOUTED "FISH!"



UPON THE OLD TOMS RIVER, FAR EAST IN ISLAND HEIGHTS, THEY SUFFER FROM BOSQUINTUS, AND HAVE TO SIT UP NIGHTS.
THE PEOPLE MAKE A LIVING SOUSING STRANGERS IN A KEG,
I KNEW A MANIN BALTIMORE WHO HAD A WOODEN LEG.



A BALDHEADED MAN IN PAWTUCKET KEPT ALL OF HIS COIN IN A BUCKET THE FRONT DOOR WAS AJAR-HOW SAD SUCH THINGS ARE! THE BURGLARS CAME IN AND TUCK IT!



HELP, IT I ISS SCHMIDT. LEDT ME OUDT!